

MEMOIR.

Ira Edward Leonard.



IRA EDWARD LEONARD,

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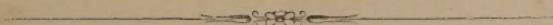
CLASS OF 1879, MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.



→ HIS POEMS ←

WITH A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.



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TO
THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR FRIEND,
IRA EDWARD LEONARD,

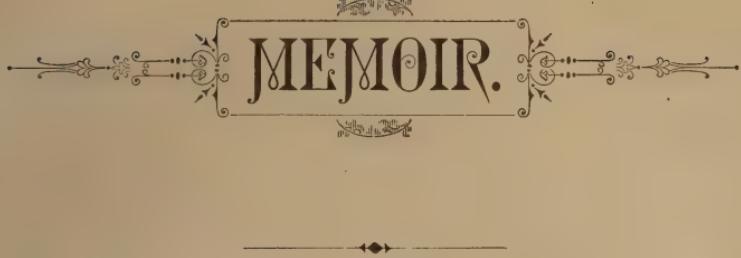
WHOSE SHORT CAREER WAS LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE ALL
WHO KNEW HIM TO LOVE HIM, WHOSE POETIC GENIUS
LED ALL WHO READ HIS WRITINGS TO ADMIRE
HIM, AND WHOSE SUDDEN DEATH CAUSES A
LARGE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS TO MOURN
HIS EARLY DEPARTURE FROM A
LIFE OF GREAT PROMISE.

H. W. H.

I. E. L.

—•••—
HARRY RIPLEY DORR.
—•••—

Gray Father Time, who with his sickle mows
A goodly swath of men in many a field.
Who calls us one and all to wait and yield,
Nor sparing him who near his sickle goes,
Has taken from our midst one whom we thought
Would live long years, to give with tongue and pen
Strong words of help unto his fellow men.
But as he went, he left behind him nought
That would not make us cherish all the more
The memory of this kind and cultured man,
Who but so lately life's short pathway ran,
And caused our hearts with grief to swell full sore.
But good deeds of good men live long as light,
And he once loved ne'er drifts from our mind's sight.



MEMOIR.

RA EDWARD LEONARD, third son of Howard and Eliza Mattison Leonard, was born December 12th, 1854, at Hampton, Washington Co., N. Y., and died at the same place, July 12th, 1878, aged twenty-three years and seven months. Farming was the occupation of his father. Naturally inclined to study, and mature for his age, he entered the district school between the years of four and five, which he attended with his four brothers and three sisters until his fourteenth year, and the winter terms of the same school until his seventeenth year. The fact that he was never very strong, which naturally kept him from the rough sports of youth, together with a curiosity to know something new, and a growing ambition to free himself from the restraints of farm-life, account in a measure for that diligence which, early evinced, remained with him to the last, and, to a large circle of mourning friends, appears the indirect cause of his early death.

In his eighteenth year he attended a winter school in the village of Fair Haven, Vt., two miles distant from his home. At the age of nineteen he entered Castleton Seminary, Castleton, Vt., where he remained for two years. An interesting picture

of his seminary life is given in a letter from an intimate friend and instructor, Mr. R. E. Maranville. It runs as follows:

“ My acquaintance with Leonard began during the autumn of 1874, at Castleton Seminary, where he was fitting for college. Previous to this he had read but little Latin. He read the Latin Reader with the class, and at the same time read by himself five books of Cæsar. After this he completed Virgil (the *Æneid*) and, I think, three orations of Cicero. He began the Greek grammar with the year, made rapid and thorough progress in the same, completing, I might almost say mastering it in one quarter. Being anxious to prepare for college during the year, I advised him to take up the *Anabasis*. I think he read two books, perhaps three, and was more thoroughly prepared both in Latin and Greek than young men generally are who have pursued a three years’ course. Until he had made considerable progress in Greek, he used to come to my house for private instruction, remaining until midnight, and even later, in order that he might be prepared to enter college at the next Commencement. He had the Latin Salutatory and Valedictory at the close of the year, and acquitted himself with distinguished honor. His moral character was faultless, and Mr. E. J. Hyde, who was the principal of Castleton Seminary at that time, often remarked to me that he never saw a more devoted student in every respect. Among his fellow-students he was the soul of honor, and was never guilty of an undignified word or deed.”

It should also be added that he gave an oration at his graduation, June 24th, 1875, on “ *Evolution*,” which was remarkable for its maturity of thought.

At the following Commencement he passed his college examinations, and in the autumn entered the class of 1879 in Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. Assuming his duties in that institution, he stepped into a wider sphere than that in which

he previously had lived, and immediately drew to himself a large circle of college friends. During his first term of college life he joined the Philadelphian (religious) Society, was elected class poet, and became a member of the Delta Upsilon Society. He entered upon his studies quietly and diligently, and remained from the first an honor-man in his class. Unassuming in his manners, genial in disposition, and of good judgment, he soon became the most popular man in his class, and, as his acquaintance grew, the most popular man in college. He could not be a partisan from his very nature, and consequently won over, by his kindness, even those whom circumstances tried to make his enemies.

It was during his freshman year, in fulfilling his duties as class poet, that he wrote and read before his class the poems entitled, "The River," and "Lake of the Beautiful Glen." At the opening of his sophomore year he was elected class president, and was active in all pursuits of study and sport. Never in his college life was he guilty of an unworthy practical joke or college trick. A glimpse of the sophomoric life he led is given in his humorous poem entitled, "A Fresh Tale," which was written at this period. During this year he also read before the class the poems, "Faith," "To the Spirit of Poetry," and a "Cremation Ode."

The studies of this year were of unusual interest to him, especially Greek. His poetic nature gave him an insight into the beauties of Grecian life, art and mythology. He, at this time, began to read extensively the best works of English prose and verse. He was a member of a club of college-mates, who read together the works of Milton, Shakespeare, &c. In these congenial pursuits he soon displayed a rare taste, and began earnestly, and with no little ambition, to strike out for himself in the field of letters.

At the close of his sophomore year he took an active part in

the incineration of Greek, which, at Middlebury, was a public and a very popular ceremony. He composed a dirge, which the class chanted with great effect around the funeral pyre. He read an ode on the death of "Beautiful Greek," which was printed in the Rutland *Herald* in the account of the exercises. He spoke a declamation on the evening of the Parkerian Prize Speaking entitled, "The Death of Maximillian Robespierre," for which he was awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars, by the unanimous vote of the committee and the audience.

He spent his vacations at home, working more or less on the farm. Owing to his delicate constitution he never enjoyed this work, although he acquired quite a reputation "in the swath." His sports were always of a quiet cast. He enjoyed intensely the beauties of nature. Hunting, fishing, strolling in the woods and rowing were his favorite out-door pursuits. His habits were all of the very best. He possessed a sweet, although not strong, tenor voice, and was considered the best singer in his class. He never had instruction in instrumental music, and yet by himself and for his own amusement, had developed considerable skill at the piano-forte.

During the summer vacation of 1877 he visited his oldest brother in New York City. It was during this last vacation that he began to complain of a chronic headache, a pain in his side, and a general nervousness, which were doubtless caused by the over-exertion of his preceding years in college. In this state he returned to his studies at the opening of the junior year. This pain in his side increased, and, after consultation with the doctor, he grew no better. He wrote in the latter part of October his most beautiful lyric, entitled, "Metopora," (The End of Autumn), which was printed in the *Undergraduate* and was also copied extensively in papers within and outside the state.

Hard study and close confinement aggravated his trouble

with his side, and about the last of October he went home, thinking to stay but a short time. Soon a slow, bilious fever set in and he was confined to his bed for three weeks. He recovered slowly. Twice was he discouraged by a relapse. At the close of January, with a permit from the doctor, he returned to college and his studies. Into these he plunged with zeal to catch up with his class. It was at this period of his life that he formed many pleasant connections with the village people of Middlebury. He was a leading spirit in a literary club, consisting of some twenty members, ladies and gentlemen. Here his fine appearance, his superior literary taste and his genial manners won him the friendship of all. At the last meeting which he attended, he rendered with great effect Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni."

He received an appointment to deliver a poem at the junior exhibition, which took place at the close of the winter term, 1878. The anxiety which this caused, together with his close attention to his studies, brought on again his trouble with his side, combined with a rapidly increasing general nervousness. The unfinished poem entitled, "The Spirit of Somberg Head," was the one intended for the occasion ; but as the time approached, he sank so rapidly that he could not write, and was compelled to give up the undertaking. He was now in such a condition that he could not eat or sleep, and was only able to return to his home at Hampton, after the exhibition, under the influence of stimulants. As the excitement of his journey wore off, he found himself very weak. For three weeks he had what the doctors called a bilious fever. He gained slowly after this, and had entire confidence that he would get well. He even wrote several times to his college friends that he hoped on the following week to start on a visit to the West. He also built a few air castles with an intimate friend concerning a projected tour in Europe. But catching cold, a heavy cough set in,

followed by a fever which never wholly left him. This fever was of such a complicated nature that the doctors seemed entirely at a loss. The cough indicated a lung trouble, and they called it consumption, although to the last he doubted the truth of their statement.

About the first of June he took his bed for the last time and slowly wasted away. He had a peculiar cough every evening, which lasted several hours. But for all this he had no thought that his end was so near. He confidently spoke of his future plans and hopes to the very last. A week or so before his death his mind began to wander. On July 11th he seemed better, and the doctors gave some encouragement. On the morning of the 12th he appeared about the same, but towards night a change took place for the worse. At ten in the evening the family retired, leaving a brother and a neighbor watching. At eleven o'clock an irregularity of breath was noticed, and before the family could be called he breathed his last in the arms of his brother, passing away quietly, as if dropping into tranquil slumber.

The funeral, which took place at his father's house, July 15th, was very largely attended by relatives and friends. It was to the great grief of his college friends and classmates, scattered during the summer vacation, that more of them could not receive word in time to attend. President C. B. Hulbert, of Middlebury College, and Rev. Dwight Spencer, of Fair Haven, conducted the services. He was buried in the new cemetery, in the southern part of the village of Fair Haven, within the shadows of a grove of maples.

Such is a brief outline of the life and death of a dear brother and son, a treasured friend and companion, a promising scholar and poet. It is not necessary to crowd the pages of his memoir with superlatives. They seem all too inadequate. If you would

desire a full comprehension of his virtues, you must visit that home, thus bereft for the first time, and look upon the quivering lip and moistened eye as his name is whispered, and the dear mementoes of his presence are preserved with religious care ; you must visit that grave, blooming with earth's fairest flowers, watered by the tears of mother and sisters ; you must listen to fond eulogies of friends and classmates ; then may you know the value of his life better than words can tell you. But for those who are strangers, and who, it may be at some future time, may read his beautiful verses and be curious to know the life of the youthful writer, words, however inadequate, are necessary.

To describe the life and character of one who has seen long years of experience, to delineate his peculiarities as shown forth in a multitude of great deeds and striking facts, to collect from the lips of unnumbered friends the record of his virtues,—even this has been acknowledged the most difficult of tasks ; but how much more severe a task is it to portray, in a befitting manner, the life of one who saw but the beginning of his manhood, whose short career had carried him but partially through the quiet shades of student life, and whose noblest characteristics were yet undeveloped by the sterner duties of life?

“Ed,” as he was familiarly called at home and among his acquaintances at school and college, had an unusually prepossessing appearance. He had a tall, graceful form, dark complexion, and black eyes, hair and moustache. At Middlebury he was repeatedly called “the handsomest fellow in college.” He did not seem to have great physical vigor, and yet when called upon, did not fail to equal and often surpass his more pretentious fellows. His ways were quiet and unassuming. Thus writes an old instructor, Rev. R. J. Williams :

“I remember him very distinctly, for he made a specially deep impression upon my mind. His very appearance gave one

a favorable first impression, and every word and every act in our subsequent intercourse served to strengthen it. He looked like a student, and he even acted like one in the pursuit of knowledge. He was true to himself and faithful to his duties. He had a quiet gentleness of manner, and never pushed himself forward into notice. He did not seem to care whether or no he was commended for faithful works; sustained by his own consciousness of doing what he could, he kept on in a steady, even course, always present in his place, always prepared, ready to step to the front, as modestly giving way to another. I ever felt, 'we shall hear from Leonard yet.'

Such is the universal testimony of all who came in contact with him. At home his pleasant ways made him a favorite brother and son. His fine taste and good judgment led all to look upon him as a trustworthy counselor. One of the most beautiful aspects of his life is the interest the little children of the neighborhood took in him. He would often desert older companions, and tell them stories by the hour. No more bitter tears were shed over his grave than those of these little ones who learned to love and honor him. Writes one of his college-mates:

"I rank him high, and, in many respects, superior. Like the rest of us he had his faults. They, however, were not prominent. The tenor of his life was lofty and his ambitions honorable. His bearing was always quiet and unpretentious. His unassuming nature, together with his genial disposition and good judgment, was the secret of his popularity. It was a difficult matter to become thoroughly acquainted with him. One could easily approach to a certain limit, but beyond that I was never able to go, and I think no one could."

It was his intention to teach for a few years after his graduation from college, and eventually to study medicine. His tastes, however, were not strong in favor of any of the so-called professions. Many of his friends expected, from his early successes,

that in the end he would devote himself to literary pursuits. His ambition lay in that direction, although he never said much about it. As might be expected he was, from his earliest years, a great lover of books. He read with increasing enthusiasm during the last two years of his life, the works of most of the great English poets. Shelley and Keats were his favorites. His quiet, delicate, yet passionate temperament, enabled him to appreciate their rare images and to revel in the far reaches of their powerful imaginations.

His own poetry was stamped by characteristics which were derived from no traceable outside source. It was rarely joyous, buoyant and cheerful, but rather, like his own life, sweet and sad. The brief lyric entitled, "Metopora," in which he describes, with the most delicate imagery, the decay and death of autumn, is, perhaps, a typical illustration of his poetic tendencies. The "sweetest, saddest melancholy," which Milton describes, seems to have been the "genius" of his life. He drank his inspiration, not from the works of other poets, but from nature herself, to whose rich treasury of form and color he seemed to have a more familiar access than is generally accorded to men; and never did one appear more humble and reverent at that sacred shine. He saw what others did not see, he heard what others did not hear, and hence the reason why his friends failed to approach him nearer. The tender, passionate spirit that animates his poem entitled, "To the Spirit of Poetry," portrays a rare poetic temperament, and shows his true relations to the beauty and truth he recognized around and within him. That he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, is shown in "A Fresh Tale." This poem was hurriedly written and never revised, yet contains a rich vein of humor. The poem, "Faith," gives a glimpse of the religious feelings of the poet, which were so elevated and sacred that few could understand them.

“ Shall we ever reach it—that fair peaceful country
 Where no storms of disappointment blow ?
 Where our lives in full completed beauty
 Like a quiet river ever on may flow ?

* * * * *

Shall we ever gaze upon those Mountains holy,
 O'er which a heavenly luster gleams ?
 Shall we round them float on seraph pinion
 As we oft have floated in our dearest dreams ?

* * * * *

Oh sweet Faith ! of all our gifts thou art the richest;
 Lighting up the night-time of our heart.
 May we ever follow where thou leadest !
 May thy living presence from us ne'er depart !”

He was a firm believer in a Creator, whom he considered as the preserver of all things, and whose infinite spirit pervades the realms of nature. Before this Being his soul bowed in adoration, such as few could understand. He seems to have dedicated his life to the truth, and where it led he boldly followed. Sensitive to the errors of outward forms, he never connected himself with any church. Few felt worthy to approach him on the subject of religion, so unreproachable seemed his life and so elevated his ideas of right and truth and God. The following lines may be quoted as expressing the substance of his faith :

“ I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling, with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
 That slope through darkness up to God,
 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.”

The following appropriate words were spoken by President Hulbert to the class of 1879, of which our friend was a member, at their graduation :

“Especially do you recall, with grief and tender affection, one, who, into his third year, was with you, and who is not, for God has taken him. We together recall his manliness, his fidelity to duty, his cultured tastes, his love of the Muses and sweet verse, his noble aspirations and high promise of a useful life. It was a sad day, during last summer vacation, when a few of us gathered around his grave, ourselves among the weeping throng. May our Heavenly Father sanctify to you and to us and his large circle of weeping friends, the heavy grief which He has imposed. There is this consolation, there is no waste in God’s providences. All there was of goodness, of nobility, of poetic genius, of high character in your friend and ours, is preserved and in process of development in ‘that world where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, and where there is progress.’”

Could he have been spared, we know not what heights of nobleness such a devoted life might have reached, and what cheering words he might have uttered to his fellow-men. But a Providence, in which our friend put his utmost confidence, and Whose wisdom we cannot fathom, has taken from us him, who was “The heart of honor and the tongue of truth.”

His grave, within the flickering shadows of the maple grove, lies close to the heart of nature, with whom our friend was so much entranced. Life has been spared to us to perfect those virtues which crowned his days. May we follow, in the footsteps of our friend, that “Sweet Faith” which enabled him to answer for himself so confidently those persuasive lines :

“ Shall we meet that band of friends we loved and cherished,
Who have left us ’mid these shadows drear?
Shall we join their happy circle standing
'Neath celestial skies of cloudless azure clear?”





POEMS.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Why, as the fleeting years go by
Does thy face linger near?
Why beams a light from out thine eye
To sadden, yet to cheer?

O'er all the sunset-lighted scenes
Of youth dark clouds have rolled;
No face gleams through the dreary waste
Save thine so dear of old.

Why do I feel thy presence when
On nature's breadth I gaze?
And why come throbbing 'round my heart
These memories of gone days?

I feel thee in the beauty of
These autumn days of rest;
And in the silent woodland with
The moonlight on its breast.

I see thee in the glory bright
That marks the dawning day ;
And in the pearly-tinted clouds
That fade and melt away.

I hear thee in the rippling brooks
When murmuring at my feet ;
In dreamful hours I see thy form
Of grace I may not greet.

O fair, sweet vision of my youth !
Did we, then, wrong to part ?
And can it be that we misjudged
Those beatings of the heart ?

Shall I, Oh ! thou of life a part,
No more that rapture know
I felt when hand in hand we roamed
The vales of long ago ?

I stretch my hand to touch thy brow,
Thy angel face hath flown,
The empty winds float where thou wast
And sigh “ Alone, Alone ! ”

Still 'tis the same through all this life,
Thy form but flits before ;
Eluding all my weak attempts
To reach and know thee more.

Why then dost haunt me, O fair face,
To breed in me regret ?
Go, leave me with the busy world ;
I'll work—perchance forget.

But no. What do I say ? come back,
Come back, nor let me roam
Unguided through the years to come
A wanderer far from home.

Come back. Thou art my all in all
As through the dark I grope.
Come back and be my evening light,
My weather-gleam of Hope.

F A I T H .

Shall we ever reach it—that fair peaceful country
Where no storms of disappointment blow,
Where our lives in full completed beauty
Like a quiet river ever on may flow?

Shall we ever change the bitter pains and trials
Of this life, for sweet immortal joys?
Shall we ever know the blessed comfort
Of a rest, where never eating care annoys?

Shall we ever gaze upon those Mountains holy,
O'er which a heavenly luster gleams?
Shall we round them float on seraph pinion
As we oft have floated in our dearest dreams?

Shall we meet that band of friends we loved and cherished,
Who have left us 'mid these shadows drear?
Shall we join their happy circle, standing
'Neath celestial skies of cloudless azure clear?

Shall we find that all our earthly loves are merely
Hints of Love the future has in store?
Shall we some time drink at True Love's Fountain
Flowing free to all forever—evermore?

Hopes and dreams, a throng as summer's morning glorious,
 Like the birds to sunnier climes have flown ;
 Shall we greet them in their home supernal
 Where for us they wait, realities now grown ?

These the doubts and fears and questions ever coming
 From our lips when heart is faint and weak ;
 These the aspirations of our spirit
 Soaring on, its mystic future life to seek.

Twining ivy-like 'mid fears and aspirations
 Gentle Faith uplifts her beauteous head :
 And she bids us be of good cheer alway
 As we journey on to meet the loved and dead.

Earthly life, she says, must needs be full of sorrow,
 Dark with drooping shadows, moist with tears.
 But our hopes and dreams shall all be real
 When we've done with Time and swiftly flitting years.

Oh sweet Faith ! of all our gifts thou art the richest,
 Lighting up the night-time of our heart.
 May we ever follow where thou leadest,
 May thy living presence from us ne'er depart.

THE RIVER.

Far up 'mid mountains grim and wild,
 A little streamlet sweetly smiled
 And laughed amid the shadows.
 For well it knew it soon would go
 To brighter scenes in plains below,
 And flow through fragrant meadows.

So happily it danced along
And sung its simple cheering song
 To gloomy pines above it;
And mountain flowers, with tender grace
Bent down and kissed its dimpling face
 And vowed to ever love it.

Through rocky glens it hurried on,
A winding, devious course it ran,
 Increasing as it wandered.
One final leap, the mountain stream
Lay passive in the sun's broad beam,
 Its headlong force all squandered.

And now by other streamlets fed,
Through living fields twined like a thread,
 Its silver waters glimmered.
To thirsting kine at sultry noon
Its waters proved a welcome boon ;
 And when the moonlight shimmered

Upon its surface, there would float
The light and graceful lover's boat
 Laden with Love and Beauty.
Awhile the pleased and happy stream
Lay fast enthralled in Love's sweet dream.
 But soon the call of duty

Aroused it, and with deeper flow
It sought its mission down below
 Where mills and factories waited.
It whirled the spindles, ground the grain,
Then onward took it course again ;
 To seek the great sea, fated.

And as it neared its destined home,
Great white-winged ships from distant zone
 Came sailing slowly o'er it.

It reached at last the boundless sea
And joined the waters wide and free,
Infinity before it.

* * * * *

Thus passed this river to its rest ;
While blessing others, richly blest
By peace and pure contentment.
Thus may we pass our span of life
Apart from scenes of noisy strife
And anger and resentment.

And when we near our final home,
May white-winged angels from the throne
Guide us to fields Elysian.
And may that Presence pure and bright,
That fills the place with holy light
Dawn on our opening vision.

A FRESH TALE.

In Middlebury College
Not many years ago
There was a class of Freshmen
In smartness far below
The average of classes
That gather here for knowledge ;
But in conceit and pride
The foremost class in college.
Soon after their arrival,
In solemn duty bound
The Sophomores decided
That they would go around

And greet the Fresh. with music
In soft and dulcet strains
Expecting thus to merit
Much thanks for all their pains.
From harps and sweetest viols
Upon the midnight air
They poured a stream of music
And concord rich and rare.
The night wind ceased its sighing,
The trees pricked up their ears,
And even stones kept time to
This "Music of the Spheres."
And, as when strains Orphean
Heard down in gloomy Hades
Enchanted all the souls of
The men as well as ladies,
So would this music heard by
Appreciative ears,
Have filled the soul with rapture
And calmed all raging fears.
How was it with the Freshmen,
Did they enjoy it well?
And did their homesick spirits
Grow calm beneath its spell?
Ah no! they heard and wondered
And finally got mad,
And swore by all the prophets
That they had never had
So great an insult offered
Unto their dignity,
And vowed they wouldn't stand it,
"Not much," "oh, no, siree!"
Accordingly they voted,
In solemn conclave met,
That they would pay the Sophies,
And sweet revenge would get.
They'd torture ears Soph'moric
With drums and horns of tin;
Their plan, viewed by the Sophies,

Was too exceeding thin.
At midnight's holy hour,
 This noble Freshman band
Before the Sophies' quarters,
 In trembling took their stand ;
And after much persuading
 Upon their leader's part
They finally consented,
 Although with quaking heart,
To go into the building
 And to ascend the stairs,
Each one with fervor saying
 Unto himself his prayers.
They reached with toil and labor
 At last the upper floor
And ranged themselves in silence
 Around the Sophie's door.
Toot ! Toot ! upon the tin horns,
 Tum ! Tum ! upon the drum,
Then like a storm in winter
 The dreaded Sophies come.
The Fresh. are filled with terror,
 On all sides shouts arise ;
Their mouths are filled with ashes
 And likewise too their eyes.
Next comes a storm of water
 Mixed with foul slush and slops.
Each Freshman groans in anguish,
 Each heart with terror flops.
Then down the stairs they scatter
 And hustle, run and jump,
And many a head is battered
 By many a savage thump
From coal-hod thrown by Sophie,
 Who shouts with joyful cry
“ Say Freshies, do you like it ?
 Ha ! ha ! how's that for high ? ”
 Like deer before the hunter
 Or doves before the kite,

The Freshmen crew skedaddled
 Into the darksome night.
Nor could the loudest yelling
 Or even taunts and jeers
Recall them from their fleeing,
 Their ever-active fears
Pursued them through the darkness,
 In form of Soph'more bold,
And when they ceased their running
 Has never yet been told.
Next morning, when bright Phœbus
 Upon old Painter Hall,
His flood of shining arrows
 Complacently let fall,
Within the Soph's division
 He saw a wond'rous sight.
The captured arms of Freshmen
 Who fled in mortal fright.
There lay a heavy bludgeon,
 And with it'side by side,
A hat all crushed and broken,
 A Freshman's former pride.
And there were horns unnumbered
 And caps and one lone belt,
And one potato-masher
 Which some poor Freshman felt
Would be a noble weapon
 To crack a Soph'more head,
But which he dropped in terror
 When first he heard their tread.
There's more that's worth the telling ;
 And if I had the time
I'd bend my humble powers
 And tell it you in rhyme—
I can only hope that sometime,
 A poet brave and true,
Will tell to you the story
 Of the Freshman's Waterloo.

METOPORA.

Autumn's face appears again,
Sweet and sad as e'er of old ;
Misty eyes and drooping lids,
Locks of richest sunset gold.

Ah ! but do you mark her breath ?
'Tis the gentle sigh of death.

Faint her ebbing pulses beat
Gone the summer's warmth and glow ;
Soon her face will pass away,
Winter winds will o'er her blow.

Ah ! stern Death, thy chilling pall,
Falls upon earth's beauties all.



LAKE OF THE BEAUTIFUL GLEN.

Of all the sweet memories thronging
On my brain as I dream of the past,
There is one that is dear to me ever,
One I know that forever will last.

'Tis of wand'ring away in the twilight ;
Wand'ring far from the vision of men,
With the dearest of all dear companions
To the Lake of the Beautiful Glen.

Oh ! thou Lake of the Beautiful Glen,
Speaking blessings and peace to the heart,
May no storms mar thy surface so calm ;
May thy lessons of love ne'er depart.

In the soft and subdued light of even',
Ere the twilight had flown to the west,
The little Lake slept in the stillness
Like a babe on its own mother's breast.

'Neath the whispering trees at its margin,
Where flowers breathe fragrance so rare,
We sat; and the whip-poor-will's love song
Came sweet on the listening air.

* * * *

Oh! ye who have ne'er felt the pleasure,
The dainty and exquisite joy,
That wells from the heart's purest fountain
At the touch of the sly Archer Boy,

Cannot know the sweet feelings and throbings
That surged through each fluttering breast,
As we opened our hearts to each other,
And our mutual loves were confessed.

More beautiful then seemed the Lakelet,
Transformed with a glory the place,
But far sweeter and dearer than either
To me was my own darling's face.

Did I kiss it? Ah! well, ask the flowers,
Perchance they the secret will tell,
But I promised to never disclose it
And I'll guard it forever and well.

One by one the pale stars glittered o'er us,
Gently fell the soft dews to the ground,
Still we lingered, our happy souls blending
With the harmonies floating around.

For we knew we must part on the morrow,
Although to each other grown dear,
When to meet we knew not, but our pathways
Might sever for many a year.

One last look at the Lake in the moonlight ;
On the morrow a pressure of hands ;
And we parted—so Fate had decreed it—
I to travel in far distant lands .

Years have passed ; when I think of that Lakelet,
Purest, holiest memories rise.
The Lake yet remains, but the maiden
Has flown to her home in the skies.

Oh ! thou Lake of the Beautiful Glen,
Speaking blessings and peace to the heart,
May no storms mar thy surface so calm,
May thy lessons of love ne'er depart.



CREMATION ODE.*

Mourn for a loved and a beautiful maid,
Weep in your grief and your woe ;
Rend your white robes, bow in sorrow your head,
Beautiful Greek lieth low.

Sorrowing mourners, O, spare not your groans,
Wail for the spirit that's fled,
Beat your sad breast and redouble your moans,
Beautiful Greek lieth dead.

With us are lamenting the spirits of air,
Earth hides her fair face in deep night ;
Nature grows sad at the death of the fair,
The future is robbed of its light.

No more shall we hear our fair Greek's tuneful lays,

No more shall we list to her tone,

No more will she lead us in her pleasant ways,

She's gone, and we wander alone.

Oh! who can forget the mild light of her smile

As she, the fair maid, sung the past,

And her eye's deep enchantment that cheered us the while,

Though we knew her sweet life could not last.

Oh! many a tale of the world's youthful prime,

And many a legend she told

Of heroes and gods in that bright sunny clime

Whose glory can never grow old.

She sung of the maids, the nymphs and the fauns,

Those fairy-like creatures that rove

Through asphodel meadows and over green lawns,

And sport in the wide leafy grove.

Sublime, mighty epics the fair maiden sung

In measures of melody clear.

Oh! how on each accent enraptured we hung

As we scanned the kind face of our dear.

We learned of brave warriors, of battles, of steeds,

That whirled the great chariots along;

And like the old Grecians to meet our sore needs,

We purchased a steed swift and strong.

Then ah! how we galloped o'er places obscure.

More easy and straight grew our course,

We thanked the dear maid for her wonderful cure

Of fizzles and flunks—a swift horse.

For four years we wooed our dearly loved Greek,

At first with a shy, boyish fear;

But at length we grew bolder, developed more cheek,

And doubled our ardor each year.

We wooed her when birds of the twilight had flown,
And when lamps of the midnight burned low;
We dwelt in a fanciful world of our own,
All tinged with bright Hope's fervid glow.

We thought not that parting and death were so nigh;
We dreamed not of black dreary night;
We basked in the light of her innocent eye,
And hoped for long years of delight.

Alas for our hopes! a vast, hideous form
Arises and frowns o'er our path.
The fierce corporation is brewing a storm,
Oh, where shall we flee from his wrath!

We seized our fair darling and bore her away
For Freshies to woo and to win,
But torn from our bosoms she lived not a day,
Her soul fled the world's noisy din.

How misery broods o'er our sophomore hearts
And darkness our future life palls;
All joy of the morrow with weeping departs,
Our steeds lie unused in our stalls.

Soon flames shall enfold her dear form in their arms
And waft her cold corpus on high,
Her beauty shall crumble with all its sweet charms
And we in our sorrow must die.

*The above was written on short notice and delivered on the College Campus at the cremation of the Greek by the class of 1876, on the evening of June 22, 1877.

WRITTEN IN A COUSIN'S ALBUM.

Friendship is too oft a fragile plant
Showing buds that wither 'ere they bloom ;
Our's, I trust, will flourish with the years,
And, transplanted, live beyond the tomb.

January 25, 1878.

◆◆◆

TO A STAR.

O happy, happy evening star,
Low sinking in the west,
Bear thou a message sweet, I pray
To her I love the best.

Beam gently on her as she walks
Alone beside the sea ;
Enfold her with thy purest light
And kiss her lips for me.

And whisper softly in her ear—
Tho' ocean's breadth doth sever,
As constant as thy changeless self,
My love shall shine forever.

February 14, 1878.

ST. VALENTINE.

THE SPIRIT OF SOMBERG HEAD.

In the wide and restless deserts of the far off northern seas,
Rise the cliffs of Kilda's Island, swept by every Arctic breeze.

Dwellers on the rocky barrens of this lone secluded Isle
Watch with eagerness the coming of the brief bright summer's
smile

For a swarm of seabirds with it, here will end their northward
flight,
And bring forth their callow offspring on each splintered, craggy
height.

Hunters bold will then be swinging over many a headland crest,
Catching in their nets the petrel, plundering the sea-gull's nest.

Yet altho' they fear no distance, but can calmly look below
Where a thousand feet beneath them angry waves like ripples flow.

Still they shun to hunt the wild fowl that have perched on
Somberg Head,
For the gloomy cliff is haunted and strange things of it are said.

When the shades of evening gather and the storm king madly raves,
O'er the cliff a white form leaneth, peering down into the waves.

And a sound of grief and wailing rises on the rushing air
Like the cry of ruined mortals, wrestling with a grim despair.

Children in the fowlers' cabins hear this cry with faces pale,
And their mothers often calm them with this legendary tale :—

“Long ago there lived a maiden, Alice Brent, a fowler's child ;
Fair she was as summer's morning, gentle as the south wind mild.

And she had two foster brothers, Eric fair and Alwin dark,
Whom as babes her father rescued from a shattered stranded bark.

Grown at length to noble manhood, these two foundlings of the
sea
Over all the isle were famous for their daring bravery.

Void of fear they sought the Gull's nest where it hung the
waters o'er,
And they scaled the dizzy summits never scaled by man before.

Often they would bring to Alice some strange flower frail and
white
Which they found perchance while swinging half way down
the sea wall hight.

For they both loved maiden Alice, and like courtly knights of old
Worshipped her as some fair princess, tho' she wore no crown of
gold.

And the maiden loved her brothers, loved them with a sister's
pride,
Thinking not that other love within her bosom could abide.

Yet sometimes when they were gathered round the fireside's
cheerful blaze.
Chanting some old Norseland saga of the vanished mythic days,

Eric's manly voice would waken throbs unwonted in her breast,
And a glance of his blue eyes would fill her with a strange unrest.

Still he spoke not, and the maiden heeding not her beating heart,
Treated both with equal love, nor dreamed of loving them apart.

Time sped onward, but fair Alice learned at last on one sad day
All the mighty love for Eric that within her bosom lay.

She had gone to meet her brothers, and the sun low down the west
Found the maiden meekly waiting on old Somberg's lonely crest.

For the brothers tarried late adown the headland's rocky side,
Searching o'er the shelves and ledges where the wildest seabirds
 hide.

Down below the dim horizon sunk the sun in splendors bright,
And the tossing seas were flooded with a purple, misty light.

Ah! the maiden sees the signal, sees the rope grow taut and stiff,
And she knows a precious burden slowly rises up the cliff.

Eager o'er the brink she gazes; far below the hunters brave
Look scarce larger than a sea-gull, hovering o'er the ocean's wave.

Half the distance is accomplished, still they rise with progress
 slow,

Laden with their feathery plunder; Alwin first, Eric below.

Now the maiden waves her kerchief, calls to them as near they
 rise,

And the hunters both look upward with a pleased, a glad surprise.

Ah! what pales their upturned faces, why this pause in their
 ascent?

Why that frozen look of horror on the face of Alice Brent?

God! a sight has met their gaze that well may pall the stoutest
 heart.

See, the slender rope is breaking, another moment and 'twill part!

Not an instant pauses Eric, quicker than it can be said,
Flashes out his hunter's knife and cuts the rope above his head.

Down he shoots, far down the distance, like an arrow to its mark,
Till the hungry sea receives him in its bosom cold and dark."

* * * * *

(This fragment was the first draught of the poem the poet intended to deliver on the Junior exhibition stage, Middlebury College, March, 1878. His rapidly failing health prevented its completion. Enough, however, was written to give the reader a clue to its whole design.)

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